

15.19
Youth /

FABIAN / a teen puppet pulls his own strings
MARY POPPINS / a pretty nanny with no warts
DEATH CHARADE / which mask do you wear?

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion





lonely girl

What makes a teen-age idol? What special quality makes people squeal and scramble to catch a glimpse of a recording star, a movie actor, or a group like the Beatles? What lies behind the scenes of an idol's life and thoughts, hopes and fears, misfortunes and joys?

Recently an NBC television documentary which was presented as "Hollywood and the Stars" sought the answers to some of these questions. The show examined the meteoric rise of young Fabian Forte, a Philadelphia boy who started out at the age of 14 unable to sing a note and ended four years later with opportunities for more than half a million dollars worth of singing engagements and public appearances.



nd a fantasy boyfriend

Photo by UPI

How did he feel when he began his career? Did he get to know his fans? What happened to his privacy and personal life? Why did it all come to an end?

Narrated by Joseph Cotten and Fabian himself, this production of "Hollywood and the Stars" drew much attention with its frank presentation of the rise and fall of Fabian's stardom. No other teen-age idol of recent vintage has been so candid about himself and his career. With the permission of Wolper Productions, Inc., copyright 1964, and United Artists Television, YOUTH magazine presents parts of the original television script as written by Al Ramrus and Alex Grasshoff. ►

Youth

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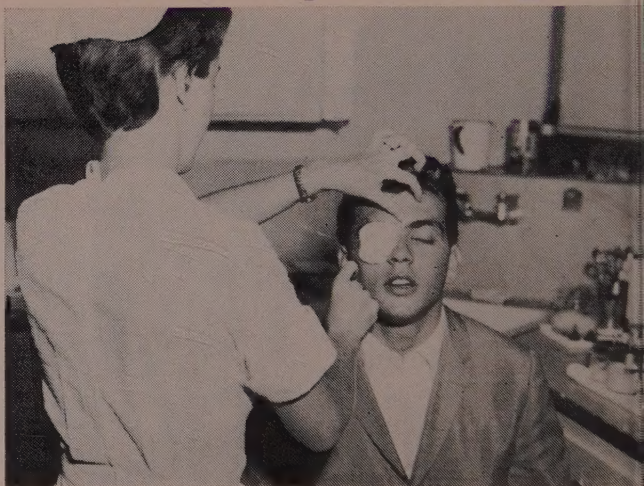
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Front cover
photo by Ed Eckstein.

One day a stranger s



Fabian receives treatment after being hit by an ardent fan. Below, he pauses for a photo with his date, Quinne O'Hara.

Photos by UPI



How would you like to be a star?"

FABIAN/ They asked me for my autograph and they ripped my shirt. They kissed me and pulled my hair. Adults laughed at me and critics tore me apart. My name is Fabian.

NARRATOR/ This is a teen-age idol. He stars in films with such luminaries as Jimmy Stewart, Bing Crosby and John Wayne, and one critic has even called him a "minor miracle"—a rock and roll singer who has become a surprisingly good, young actor. He signs contract with the likes of Darryl F. Zanuck. He earns a quarter of a million dollars a year.

Fabian's life, public and private, is a subject of supreme concern to young fans across the face of America. When he lends himself to a publicity date with a girl he's never met, like actress Chris Noel, the repercussions are enormous.

Fabian is a phenomenon. He wanted to become a movie star and Hollywood was more than eager to oblige. Such is the power, the marquee-value of his name. Yet, only a few years ago, there was no such thing as a Fabian.

FABIAN/ It started in Philadelphia when I was 14 years old. I was making six dollars a week working in a drugstore after school. One afternoon a stranger came up to me and said, "How would you like to be a recording star?" I said, "No," but he went on like a nut. So I ran in and told my mom and dad, "There's a crazy man outside." He turned out to be in the record business and for some reason he wanted me, even though I never sang a note in my life.

NARRATOR/ Fabian had something that manager, Bob Marcucci, thinks is marketable, whether he can sing or not. He looks like a clean-cut Elvis Presley. He has a kind of "magnetism" says Marcucci, and perhaps it can trigger the teen-aged squeals that have come to mean big money in the record business.

FABIAN/ I went through three singing coaches, hating every minute of it. I couldn't picture myself as an entertainer, displaying myself in front of an audience. I didn't think I could ever be a singer.

Then there were the wild clothes they made me wear—the tight pants, the pompadour hair, the weird jackets. I don't want to look different than any other kid, and I began to feel like a freak. I wanted to dump the whole thing but my father, who was a policeman, had a heart attack. Since we needed the money, I decided to stick with it.

I had entered a different world

NARRATOR/ Now, a shrewd publicity campaign was launched. The "Fabulous Fabian" was coming. Nobody had ever heard of him, nobody even knew who he was. But soon novelty-hungry fan magazines were filled with articles about the mysterious singer with the mysterious name.

FABIAN/ By the time I was 15 years old and still in high school, I still couldn't understand what was going on. I made a few records, most of them flops. Then I was told I was a celebrity and on my way to making my first 100 thousand dollars.

NARRATOR/ Eventually, Fabian came under the benevolent gaze of Dick Clark, high priest of the disc jockeys and Big Brother Image to the teen-age world. And, as soon as he appeared on Clark's program, Fabian's career skyrocketed. An awkward youth, with little training, experience or confidence was presented, full-blown, to the nation as the latest teen-age idol.

FABIAN/ With the money that was coming in, I bought my parents a new home, and between tours it was the only place where I could unwind and relax. These visits were becoming less frequent, and my mother sometimes said, "I wish it was like it used to be."

But even here I began to feel uncomfortable—even isolated. I had entered a different world, and no one at home could really understand what kind of a world it was.

There was a time when I never stopped going. I drove for 35 days and for 35 nights at a stretch. I traveled with a troupe of other musicians and entertainers, some of them first-rate guys. But some were drug addicts, and even worse than that, so I stuck pretty much to myself. It was gruelling and it was lonely, but the crowds were getting bigger all the time.

When I first heard girls screaming over me, I was frightened and embarrassed. But I learned that success was measured by the screams it could generate. No matter how famous I got, though, my life was run by my manager. I was told what to do, what to say, how to act, like a puppet dangled in front of the public and the press.

Though I was even getting recognition and awards, I was told that I was too young to express my own ideas in public. And when I was with adults I had to be smiling and overly polite—a cliché "All-American boy."

one at home could really understand

ARRATOR/ As one of the new young gods of the teen-age world, Fabian was subjected to stinging ridicule from the nation's press. "Fabian," said cartoonist Al Capp, "is a bewildered kid who faces life without the handicap of any noticeable talent." And *Esquire* magazine wrote that when drab and confused teenagers went wild for Fabian, mediocrity fell in love with its own image."

By the time Fabian was 17, the gimmicks and the publicity had paid off. Adults might shudder at the new Fabian phenomenon, but to young people, he was an "Ideal." Everything about him was fascinating, even his haircut. The commercialization of Fabian reached its zenith at haircut time. The shorn locks were meticulously swept into an envelope, then sent to a factory where they were sterilized, cut into quarter inch strands, and sealed into plastic lockets that sold for 75 cents.

FABIAN/ After being treated like a "thing" by adults, I looked forward to meeting kids my own age. We had something in common—it was growing up. The girls in my fan clubs were leading normal lives, and I wasn't. So after they interviewed me, I'd talk to them and try to learn as much as I could about how kids felt about things. I began to understand why kids were so wrapped up with fan clubs and Fabian. Most of these girls weren't very attractive or popular, but they were shy and awkward, and for them, I guess I was sort of a fantasy boyfriend.

ARRATOR/ But it takes publicity to keep fires burning for a fantasy boyfriend. Fabian depended upon promotional appearances and contests organized by disc jockeys like Gene Kaye. (*Fade out*)

RAYE/ As queen for a night, our judges have selected this young lady to come down here with the cat. Fabe, shall we go down and meet her?

FABIAN/ Congratulations! (*Screams from crowd*)

RAYE/ You are queen of the Fabian Dance Party at the Notre Dame and Stand . . . All right, girls, spread out a little bit . . . Fabe right to the cameras . . . Oh, my the cats . . . all right . . . bring the cats close and close!

FABIAN/ Owwww . . . ! (*Screams and laughter from girls and fade out*)

Policemen had to guard wherever I went. I could never go out by myself, and of course, I could never date any of the fans, the girls who were my own age. I would be inviting trouble. I was surrounded by people, but I was always alone.

No one can imagine what it's really

I was alone when I had to face what the critics were saying—that I was a manufactured idol, a freak. That hurt because I was sincere and doing the best I knew how. But they made me a whipping boy. I'd said to myself "It's not worth it. I'm a human being and I've got feelings like anybody else." There were many times when I wanted to quit. I wasn't ashamed of what I was doing, and like a lot of people I did look down on kids who needed idols. If they were so desperate and w for a Fabian, maybe it's because they had nothing else to look up to.

NARRATOR/ By 1959, near the height of the Fabian furor, he was receiving overtures from Hollywood. And, as time passed, he began wonder whether he could make a transition from idol to actor. The temptations were great. As a singer, he was on a treadmill, rushing to many as seven concerts a night, even when a doctor examined his throat and said, "It looks like ground meat inside."

And before every concert, Fabian was conscious that an idol's days are numbered. His audience was fickle, easily swayed by the latest fad. They wouldn't always scream or weep over Fabian.

FABIAN/ No one can imagine what it's like after a rock and roll show to face a mob of kids outside. To escape I would disguise myself as a hot dog salesman or a policeman. Once the police had to use German Shepherd dogs to protect me from screaming mobs. There were times when I actually thought I was going to be killed.

Over the years I must have made more than 4000 public appearances. Some of them were wonderful and exciting, but most of them were gruelling and nerve-wracking. There were mornings when I'd wake up with every bone aching. Even worse, I was controlled by a management team that wasn't interested in my future as I saw it. I was grateful for what had been done for me, but I felt like a piece of property being sold on the market, and finally, I had enough.

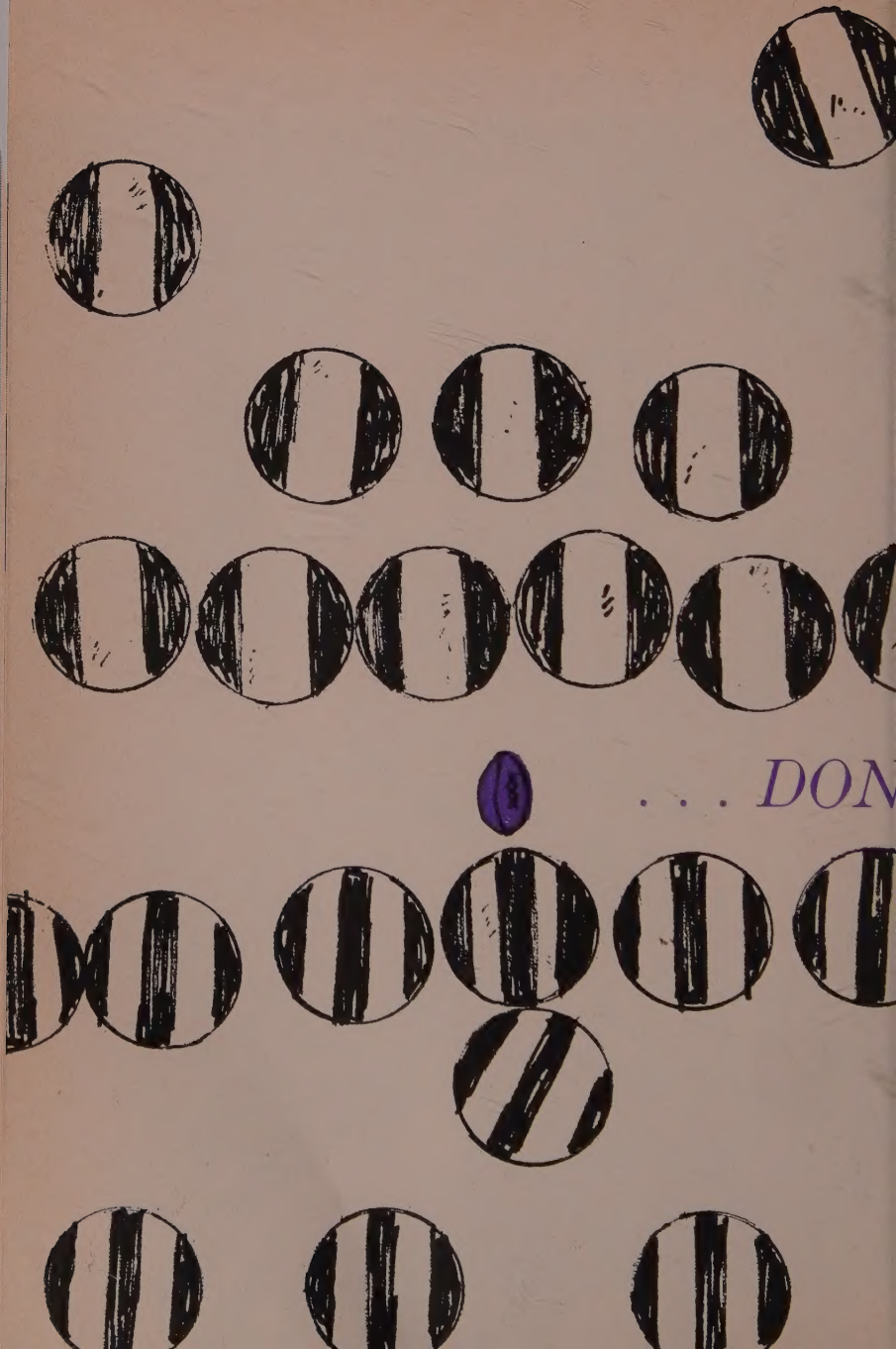
NARRATOR/ In 1961, Fabian Forte bought out his contract for \$65,000. And he turned his back on recording opportunities and personal appearances that would have earned him half a million dollars. With one incredible career behind him, he decided to gamble a fortune and a future on becoming a motion picture actor.

He was 18 years old!

TV Director Robert Minkoff explains to Fabian and I how he wants a musical played in a drama on NBC's "Dick Powell Show."

face a mob of kids after a show





... DON

his country has millions of people who like to watch football games. Chances are that you're one of them. You probably have at least a fairly good working knowledge of the sport. You see a lot when you're in the grandstand. Still, unless you're a rather unusual fan, you don't see as much as you could.

There are three distinct types of football: professional, intercollegiate and interscholastic. All have the same basics. But each differs from the others in some of the rules and especially in styles of play. In college and high school football, for example, many a team uses the offensive system known as the Split-T formation successfully. But when a first-year coach in the National Football League had his team employ the Split-T a few seasons ago, he narrowly escaped arrest on a charge of aiding and abetting manslaughter. The Split-T gets its name from the gaps, or splits, of two or three yards between the offensive linemen. It is as duck soup for the huge, but mobile, defensive linemen in pro football to charge through those gaps and knock the ball-carriers on the backs of their laps.

Doubtless, while you may attend college or pro games, your chief interest right now is in watching high school football games. So let's move in on high school football with a zoomar lens. There is much to be seen—almost *too* much these days.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not an unreconstructed old-timer. Every

WATCH THE BALL!

Autumn you hear cries of "This ain't football!" by men who played the game 20 or more years ago and are wont to live in the past. Perhaps some of you have heard such cries from your own fathers or uncles.

My memories of high school football cover more years than I like to count. I've been writing about high school football for so long that I'm getting to feel like an elder statesman. Last season, one old-timer, after watching a high school game, collared me and quoted from Shakespeare with considerable fervor: "O, call back yesterday, bid time return." I was properly impressed, to be sure, but I had to tell the gentleman that, in my opinion, today's game is vastly superior to the game we knew in our youth.

"You're a traitor," the man said. "Football was better 30 years ago. That's more, it was easy for the spectators to follow."

Well, it *was* easy to follow in those days. For one thing, there were

On many a touchdown gallop

relatively few substitutions; the spectators didn't have to adjust to the personnel turnovers that occur today whenever the ball changes hands. Also, in the old days the offense was largely a running attack, something that might best be described as a mass movement. Teams would try to gouge out three or four yards at a time, with two or three offensive players opening a hole in the line by blocking out one defensive man. Most teams had only a few defensive formations, and they were standard: e.g., the "6-2-2-1," with a six-man line, two linebackers, two halfbacks and a safety man.

Today, most teams use the T-formation, with variations. In the basic "T" the quarterback crouches under the center, with the two halfbacks and the fullback lined up abreast, about four yards behind him. The variations include the Wing-T, with one halfback lining up out on the flank, behind one of the ends, the Double Wing-T, with a halfback on each flank, and the aforementioned Split-T.

Whatever type of "T" is employed, it makes for a wide-open game. The quarterback, taking the snap from center, may hand the ball to the fullback or a halfback who is moving at full speed when he takes the handoff and hits a hole in the line (assuming that the play click created by one lineman with a quick, one-on-one block. Or the quarterback may deceive the opposition by faking a handoff to one backfield teammate, then handing it to another. He may "pitch out," shoveling the ball to a halfback who then tries to turn one of the ends. He may fake one or more handoffs, then fade back and whip a pass to an end or back downfield. Or he may keep the ball and "roll out," attempting to skirt one of the ends himself. With the modern, wide-open offense, the quarterback can be dropped for a long loss on one play, then throw a touchdown pass on the next.

No longer can a team get by with a few standard defenses. Now we have shifting defenses and everything from a four-man line to a nine-man line. Now the defensive team lines up and shifts to another deployment as soon as the offensive formation is sized up. It is not uncommon for a team to have upward of 50 defensive variations.

While most spectators don't see as much of a football game as they could, it would be ridiculous to claim that the average onlooker can see everything given a technique that will enable him to see everything. The best advice to give a football-watcher who wants to get more out of a game is that he or she try to do what football's private eyes—the scouts—do. The scouts are experts who watch games involving future opponents of the

Players who work hard go unnoticed

teams which employ them. A scout systematically charts each play and defensive alignment, then reports to the coaching staff of his team as to what they may expect the opposition to do when it faces their club.

Probably the sharpest scout in football history was the late Jack Lavalley, who worked for many college coaches and was chief scout of the New York Giants when he died five years ago. Once Lavalley was asked the secret of his scouting success. "I'm not on the ball," Jack replied. "No one sees much by watching the ball. I want to see what the lines are doing. That's the making or breaking point of every play. Don't worry about the ball-carrier or the passer. If you watch the line long enough, the ball-carrier will show up, and you'll see the ball in the air when and if the passer gets it away. Once the ball-carrier gets through the line, you'll see the rest of his run without missing anything. And if a pass is completed, you can follow the play from there."

It was Lavalley's contention that the average spectator would derive more enjoyment from a game by using the "keep-your-eye-off-the-ball" system. This is standard procedure for most scouts—watch the line play, not the ball.

When a ball-carrier bursts off tackle and goes buckety-buckety for a touchdown, who opened the hole for him? Who eliminated the line-backer? Who threw the block downfield to wipe out the last enemy threat to the ball-carrier? On many a touchdown gallop, three or four players who did the hard work go virtually unnoticed, while the ball-carrier gets the plaudits of the crowd.

One more thing. Don't overlook the battle of wits between offense and defense. The offensive team comes out of its huddle and goes into formation. Suddenly, the defensive team sets up a certain deployment. Then, just as the quarterback is barking the starting signal, the defensive team switches formation. If the defenders have guessed right, the second shift has put great defensive strength at the exact spot where the offensive team figured on going. Whereupon the quarterback, assuming that he and his teammates are well coached, will call an "audible"—change the play at the line of scrimmage. Should the "audible" be too obvious, the defense may shift again, hoping to mess up the newly-called play.

But if you return to watching the ball and the guy who's toting it, don't be discouraged. It's a human trait. —EDGAR WILLIAMS

EDGAR WILLIAMS / Although a staff person on *Today*, the Sunday supplement for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, Ed Williams contributes frequently to *YOUTH* magazine and other national and regional publications.

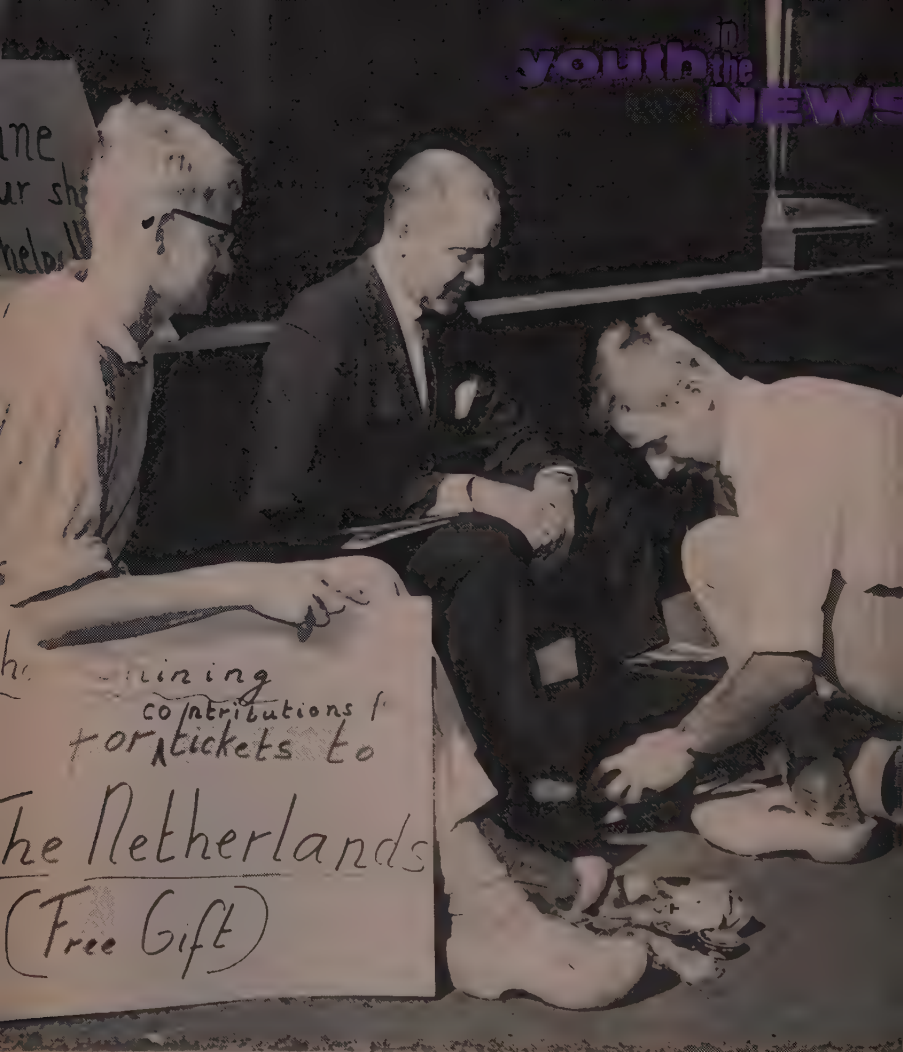


Photo by

Dutch students shine shoes to get home

Dutch student Joseph Kessens and his brother, Herman, both wearing traditional Dutch wooden shoes, shine another kind of shoes on New York City's busy 42nd Street to earn money for the trip back home to the Netherlands. After spending the summer touring the United States "on a shoe string," the young men were polishing shoes to earn \$154 to add to the \$180 down payment they have already made on the air fare home.

Volunteer work high in popularity among teens

Look for today's average young person and you're more likely to find him doing volunteer work at the local hospital than having a soda in the corner malt shop. More than a third of the over 1000 teenagers questioned in a recent survey said that they spend some time helping others in their communities. Why do they do it? Karen Endsley of Torrance, Cal., says, "I feel that I have accomplished something when I help those who are less fortunate than I am." Dale Cooper of Metuchen, N. J., likes to help because "I meet many wonderful people and it's good experience." Some of the teens indicated that they were following their parents' lead in offering their time for a worthy cause. Much of the work is connected with organizations the young people belong to such as Boy Scouts, Key Clubs and "Y" groups. Other charities the young people spend their time helping include Heart Fund, March of Dimes, UNICEF, the Community Chest, and the Red Cross.

Roman Catholic church losing talented young people

"The Roman Catholic Church is losing a high percentage of its most promising younger members," charged Michael Novak, Harvard teaching fellow and editor of *Current*, a Catholic quarterly, at the 49th National Newman Congress in Milwaukee, Wis. Mr. Novak gave the following reasons as to why young people are leaving the church: Catholic young people neglect the natural tendency to question their beliefs until it becomes too late;

they do not know what they personally believe; there is too much emphasis in the church on authority and not enough on initiative; the intellectual standards of the Catholic Church are too often below the best standards; and there are too many sermons about the peace of mind derived from being a Catholic. Mr. Novak went on to say that "many of our parents lived by a style of faith that is no longer possible. It's now a question of being a different kind of Catholic." Mr. Novak concluded that the place to begin the creation of a new type of Catholic was the university or college, "and best of all the secular campus."

Science is main topic at Christian conference

New developments in science was the topic of a recent British Student Christian Movement conference. It dealt with three main topics—cosmology, genetics and the human brain. Participants undertook a number of experiments supervised by eight university tutors, and the schedule was left completely flexible. A final report on the conference noted that "misgivings about concentration on science without a programmed context of a philosophic, religious or social point of view proved groundless." Conference worship was spontaneous and varied, climaxing in a candle-light procession into the chapel on the final night to the singing of a contemporary Christian lyric. One student who is planning to teach commented: "I see my subject in a much more complete scientific context. But more important, the conference has given me a conviction about living."

Jewish high school opens in Washington, D. C.

The national capital's first Jewish senior high school has opened ending the necessity for students who wish training in a Jewish religious school to leave the city. Yeshiva High School this year will offer a tenth grade program to a small group of girls, Rabbi Gedaliah Anemer, director, announced. In 1965 a tenth grade class for boys will be added, as well as an eleventh grade for girls. Each succeeding year another class will be added until a full senior high school curriculum for boys and girls is offered. Rabbi Anemer said that students will devote half their time to studying theology and related subjects, with the remaining time devoted to academic pursuits.

Serious study of Beatles advised by churchman

"The cult of the Beatles is a kind of theology," Canon I. T. Ramsey, professor of the philosophy of the Christian religion at Oxford University, recently told a churchman's conference in London. He said that he found "unexpected significance" in the girl who screams at the Beatles because to her they seem so much bigger than herself. For her Liverpool, the home of the Beatles, was heaven. "Here is a cosmic disclosure—language is virtually theological language," said Canon Ramsey. He concluded that "if we wish to coin a relevant theology, it is our duty to learn, not to scoff."

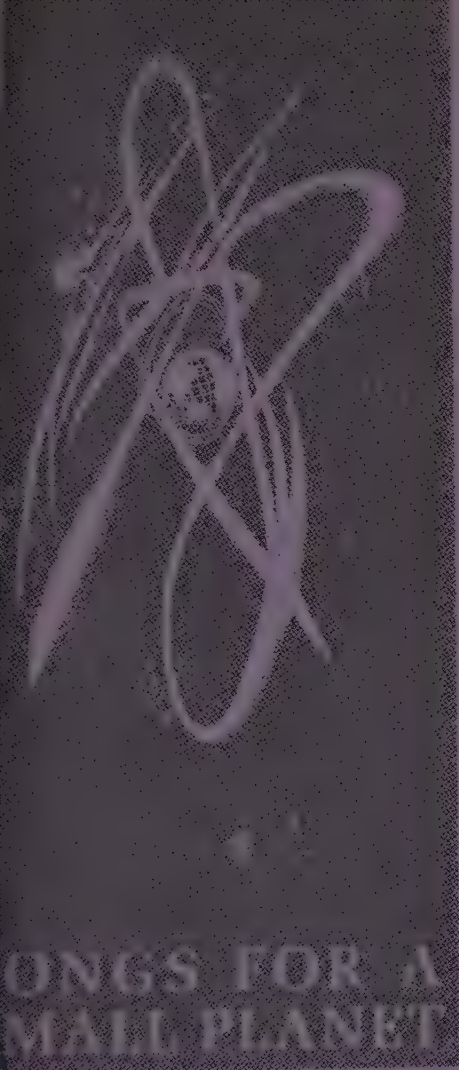


"He always prays for greater understanding like he's afraid he might get it."

YOUNG PILLARS by Schulz



"Mom, I've decided to try to be perfect. . . . Will you mind having someone hanging around the house who is perfect?"



What does Einstein's equation $E=mc^2$
have to do with Psalm 24? Can a per-
son be both a poet and a scientist?
Songs and planets—what a strange
combination!

The study theme for YOUTH WEEK 1965 (January 31 to February 7) delves into questions like: If man can create simple life in a test tube, what do we mean when we say God is the Creator? Must we reject all the comforts of materialism before we can take our Christian faith seriously? What does it mean to say that everyone is called to be both a scientist and a poet?

This year's theme is about science and the Christian faith. Because science has influenced every part of our lives, it's really about the twentieth century and the many challenges the modern world brings to biblical understandings.

Include this YOUTH WEEK theme in your planning for future activities and remember that it doesn't have to be limited to one week. Because it includes plenty of material and a lot of hard questions, it can be spread out over a year of study.

You may order a YOUTH WEEK packet (which includes study book, program guide, posters, worship bulletins and ecumenical service of worship guide), or send for a free introductory flyer, by writing to: Office of P & D, National Council of Churches, P.O. Box 301, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

behind the mask/

Malcolm Boyd, member of the interracial ministry team at Grace Episcopal Church, Detroit, and national field representative for the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, is well known among high school and college students for his efforts through written and spoken word to make the gospel meaningful to our lives today. His new book, *The Hunger, The Thirst*, probes into the inner dynamics of such important subjects as conformity, success, communication, and alienation. Excerpts from the chapter "The Death Charade" are presented by permission of Morehouse-Barlow Co., Inc.

Each of us, it seems to me, possesses a hunger and a thirst. This is a hunger and a thirst, not at first for truth and righteousness, but for what one believes he wants when he believes he wants it. Yet, each of us has experienced, after possession of what he thought he wanted, on his own terms of wanting, a great weariness and a fatigue of the spirit. At the heart of the possession of what one had wished to possess, there is a terrible emptiness. What has happened? There is now the hunger and thirst for wholeness of all the parts of oneself with the rest of creation.

Even if one has not yet learned it, one is somehow aware that love must be found in communion and in communication. One knows deep down that love must be set free from the imprisoning confines of one's own heart and, having been liberated, permitted to go where it wishes. This is



hunger and thirst to be persons

experience in self-awareness and self-knowledge, an awareness of life and knowledge of the world, which is the greatest enemy of conformity. Sometimes conformity may be an intelligent and a commendable means, but it is not meant to be an end in itself. It usually stands in the way of our struggle to be real persons.

We want neither to be stereotypes or personalities but persons. We all experience the yearning that the world of one moment, absorbing all of oneself, might be related to the other worlds absorbing oneself in other moments. We all hunger, at one time or another, that the small, whirling universe of self might be able to communicate in transparency of truth and strength of relationship with the whirling universe of another life.

This yearning, this hunger, can break the bonds of mere conformity. We cannot effect such communication, in such relationship, unless one is willing to shatter the myths of failure and success, charades of fantasy, and masks of indifference. As I have said before, death is the round of mere existence; our responsibility is to recognize the dying process for what it is in whatever guises it may appear. Then, and only then, have we the opportunity to transform it into an authentic life experience. How can a person be alive and feel so dead and disconnected at the same time?

We are all of us dying; we are all of us in the process of dying all the time we are living. There are many deaths. There are deaths which are common, at various times and levels of experience, to all of us. There are selfish deaths and unselfish deaths; there are meaningful deaths and meaningless deaths.

There is the death of fantasy which many persons consent to live in, more or less, perpetually. This is a deliberate choice to treat life as a parade. This is the living of one's life as if one were only a character in a play, presumably the star, but conceivably a character part. This requires contrivance and, of course, happy endings. This is also the breaking up of life into scene after scene, each with its finale, each with its set designs, each with its costumes. The death of fantasy is related to the death of meaninglessness.

A group of university students once set something I wrote to modern dance interpretation. In one unforgettable (to me) part of the choreography, they developed a dance in which the persons participating all carried masks. The tribal or ritual dance commenced with all five dancers taking part, each holding a rather grotesque mask in front of his face. Suddenly one of the dancers was forced out of the movement. He withdrew with a mixture of sadness and anger. The dance continued and a second dancer was forced out by the others. The dance ruthlessly continued. A third dancer was forced out.

a resurrection comes when

This left two dancers. They performed a duet, each holding a mask. Suddenly, one of the two dancers seized the mask of the other. The dancer whose mask had been taken away fled in terror from the stage. The remaining and sole dancer, now gloating and triumphant, held both masks in front of her face. She looked at one and then the other. Gradually, unmistakably, she was overcome by panic. One sensed that she did not know which mask she should relate to. When she left the stage one realized that she had suffered a breakdown.

Many persons who have died the death of fantasy have settled for a mask, a role, a rigid interpretation of life, a dogmatic definition of everything, a stereotype. There is no leeway here; there is no fluidity or flexibility; there is no openness or possibility of change. There is an utter deadness, an utter state of being tranquilized. Crisis would be impossible in this situation; an awareness of crisis or a response to it would be unthinkable. Life, which under these circumstances is in reality a living death, is acted out in a kind of charade.

In contrast, there is what one might call a form of reality where a man engages in an outpouring of himself and a giving of self for a purpose which he understands. His life has a meaning. He has a comprehension of purpose. He is open to, and aware of, crisis. He is able and willing to respond to the needs of others as these needs are translated to him. He can look at himself and others fairly objectively—and with humor.

Near the end of the same concert of which I was speaking, there was a movement when the five dancers were on stage together and I was with them, sitting on a high stool. Four of the dancers remained in lifeless positions. My back was turned to the audience. I was seated, stooped in a position which represented the absence of life, feeling, or movement.

One of the dancers moved to each of the others, trying to lift up their hand, attempting to inject life into a lifeless form. Each time this proved to be an abortive attempt: the other dancers simply resumed the previous positions and manner of lifelessness. Finally, the first dancer grasped the limp hand of one dancer and placed it upon the limp hand of another dancer. After this, the two dancers stirred and came to life. As the dance progressed, it was by relating one dancer to another, one person to another, that life was restored on the stage until all of the dancers were moving and were once again in possession of dynamic.

Then all five of the dancers reached out toward me and I responded to them by coming back to life and vitality. Then we all turned, faced the audience and held out one of our hands toward a different part of the audience, to signify that, as we had been restored to a relationship in life, now we sought to become engaged in relationship—which is essential to the meaning of life—with the persons in the audience.

es are opened up to others

This dance represented graphically, first, the death which is marked by refusal to break open one's life and, second, it signified the resurrection when one permits one's life to be broken open and welcomes relationship where one had been dead to relationship.

There is another form of death which is experienced by all of us, at one time or another, at some level of experience. It is death at the hand of inference, a brutal death meted out in some process of dehumanization. In reality this is murder. We are all guilty of this kind of murder of one another, and we all have been murdered in this way.

One night, several years ago in New York City, I remember going out late to have a hamburger. I had not eaten and was hungry. It was a rainy night and I carried my umbrella. The hamburger joints in our great cities are very dehumanized; and this is ironical because often they have plastic-paper, colonial-wood fittings and are deliberately designed to create a sense of home and country and warmth which they can in no way provide.

I entered one, ordered my hamburger, and was sitting at the counter when a woman came in and sat down. There is an unwritten law about big city hamburger joints which respects the rights of one's loneliness. Unlike a bar where there may be, particularly if it is a neighborhood bar, a simulated sense of fellowship—with the bartender acting in a certain priestly or therapist role, and with the beer itself being caught up in an analogous sense with a sacramental meaning—a hamburger joint is merely impersonal. The woman should have come in and eaten quickly and in silence as the rest of us were doing, but apparently she had had a rough day, was tired or depressed, and felt that she could not go on any longer. She started talking to persons who had nothing to say to her and who were, in fact, wounded and threatened by her approach. I remember the reactions to the woman were extremely defensive and negative. When she left she clutched a New York evening newspaper. I could imagine her going home alone to the stone-cave dwelling which was her apartment. She might turn on the television for a little while until the sleeping tablet reduced her to a state of forgetfulness and a kind of peace, then she could crawl into bed and go to sleep.

A culture engages in these forms of murder simply by virtue of its endless and severe technological indifferences—as one creeps along in his car on a crowded expressway, or is trapped in the jungle of metropolitan suburbia, or is lost in the hamburger joints of great cities.

God, deliver us. From much speaking but little listening; from changing communication into exploitation; from speaking to our neighbor in overlapping monologues rather than in dialogue; from utter isolation and the end of communication

—MALCOLM BOYD



WHAT DOES U.S. PO



. . . from SWEDEN

Lisbeth Grönlund, an ICYE student from Sweden, who is spending a year living in Woodstock, Va., shares with us her impressions upon arriving in the United States in an election year/

When we talked about the U.S.A. at home, we always thought about a country with great possibilities, a land of the future with a lot of modern comfort in daily life. We realized the great difficulties connected with the ruling of America, and we approved of your system, as it was much like the democracy exercised in Sweden. Naturally the Negro problem is the spotlight of our criticism. It is to us a contradiction that the U.S. politicians speak for freedom and equality for all, and yet racial problems are so hard to solve. The fact that the big trusts have so much influence in the political life and thus make it harder for the individual to vindicate themselves is sometimes criticized as a danger. We think that America's ability to make all the different people with different backgrounds, traditions, religions, and languages into one people and a people so devoted to their country is something very great.

America has influenced the Swedish people in many ways, and although Sweden is a politically neutral nation and has good relations with its communist neighbors, we look upon America as a big brother. When President Kennedy died, for instance, the whole Swedish nation mourned as if it had been our own beloved king.



... from FRANCE

Elisabeth Spiro, who just returned to France after spending a year living in Portland, Ore., recently took a survey of the attitudes and feelings of some of her townspeople toward the United States. She shares the following results with us/

First I went to a 60-year-old man from Lorraine. He told me that he did not have any criticism of the United States but that he could only admire the country because he considered the United States as a liberator in World War I and World War II. About the current election, he told me that he was too old to bother about it. For him both Johnson and Goldwater were only Americans.

—a 40-year-old man criticized the way Americans are handling their racial problem.

—a 50-year-old druggist thought that Americans feel superior but he admired their organization. "They have their feet on the earth," he said.

—a college student thought that the Americans are egotists in politics. He did not know Johnson well but he thought that Johnson was not as good as Kennedy was. He said that the politics of Goldwater were a little adventurous but could be valuable if well applied.

—a 50-year-old man said it was difficult to be rich like the Americans and that people should recognize their generosity because

the wealthy in France do not know how to be generous. He admires Johnson as a good citizen, not haughty, as compared with our presidents in Europe who want to be supermen. He said that Goldwater's speeches are not well-liked by the liberals in France but he thought that if Goldwater is elected he will probably become a lot wiser.

Finally I went to a history and geography teacher. He criticizes the power of the American trust, because he thinks the capitalistic system is putting the world in great danger. He didn't like the way the United States is exploiting Central and Latin America and stated that this was colonialism, only under another name. He felt that racism in America along with racism in South Africa, is the strongest in the world because even anti-racist laws do not do any good. He questions what he thought was the poor judgement of Americans and said he felt that they are simple but sympathetic. He did say that he thought Americans are capable of doing big things and making sacrifices. He admired the intellectual ability of the U.S. which puts it ahead in sciences, and the possibility for the absence of prejudice which he said is favorable to the development of the civilization.



... from DENMARK

Finn Hallberg, an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Aarhus, Denmark, is preparing to be a teacher. He tells us what American politics look like from where he is/

I greatly admire the United States. From what I have read, I cannot help wondering—and again, my opinion is only based on what I have read—whether American politics may not be growing top-heavy. But that I mean that it no longer seems possible for a person to be elected to a high office in the United States if he is not wealthy or has the support of wealthy people. It appears that a man of modest means cannot afford to try for office, unless he is willing to obligate himself to well-to-do contributors. I feel that the United States should find some way for a man of average income to run for office.



... from AUSTRIA

Brita Lynn Gill, an ICYE student from La Canada, Cal., gives her impressions of the American political scene as viewed from her exchange home in Vienna, Austria/

There have been no major changes in my impression of American politics since being in Europe. I see clearer, though, how much a campaign and election depend on campaigning, politics and tactics. From here the political conventions looked more like a big show with a lot of noise and too much useless spending of money than anything else. To some Austrians parts of the conventions look very childish and disrespectful.

The racial problem and prejudice in the United States is one issue I have found is constantly the source of much criticism by Europeans. They do not understand why the U.S. government is unable to enforce all the laws concerning equal rights. It is even harder for them to understand why some people have prejudice against the Negroes. They believe the normal thing for people to do in the U.S. would be to accept all people as equal and abide with all the laws, for they have always believed America was the land of freedom and justice for all. From my personal experience of talking with many Europeans I feel the racial crisis in the U.S. is doing more to hurt America's image in the eyes of others than anything else. It weakens other countries' confidence in us when they see the seriousness of the racial crisis in America. Criticism is justified and it is a pretty tough problem to explain to others.

However, the United States' willingness and readiness to help when and wherever they are needed receives a compliment from many Europeans. Organizations like the Peace Corps and CARE are thought of very highly by the people here. Many Europeans appreciate America's readiness to assist nations needing military aid. I believe the European people are grateful to America for keeping on the same power level as the Soviet Union, providing a balance of power. They look kindly towards America for its efforts in negotiating and finding ways towards peace with Russia and other countries.



Mary

Mary Poppins/directed by Robert Stevenson/produced by Walt Disney /adapted from the "Mary Poppins" books by P. L. Travers/starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke

It's not often that the star of the show—primly poised with a carpet bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other—comes riding in on a cloud. But then, there aren't too many people like Mary Poppins around. It all happens with a change of the wind which brings Mary floating onto the doorstep of 17 Cherry Tree Lane to answer the dreams of Jane and Michael Banks for a perfect nanny.

She also answers the dreams of Walt Disney for nowhere else could he have found a story and a person better suited to his many talents. Mary Poppins (Julie Andrews) rides up bannisters, powders her nose with coal dust, and gives out strawberry-flavored medicine with a flick of her attractive wrist. She can talk with Andrew, the dog, or walk through pavement chalk drawings into a land of make-believe filled with Disney characters. She can produce a full-sized hat standing from her apparently empty carpet bag and even serve tea in mid-air. And all this without seeming in the

Poppins

THE PERFECT NANNY

you want this choice position, have a cheery disposition,
rosy cheeks, no warts! Play games, all sort;
you must be kind, you must be witty, very sweet, and fairly pretty;
take us on outings, give us treats, sing songs, bring sweets;
never be cross or cruel, never give us castor oil or gruel;
love us as a son or daughter, and never smell of barley water.
you won't scold and dominate us,
we will never give you cause to hate us;
we won't hide your spectacles so you can't see,
not toads in your bed or pepper in your tea.
Hurry, Nanny! Many thanks.
Sincerely, Jane and Michael Banks.

Jane and Michael Banks present their request for a perfect nanny to their father.



least unbelievable, ill-at-ease, embarrassed, or out of the ordinary. It is a credit to Walt Disney.

It is also a credit to Julie Andrews whose superb singing and acting mix just the right amount of dignity with just the right amount of delight to make a memorable Mary Poppins. And street entertainer "Bert" (Dick Van Dyke) sings and dances with a precision and joy which matches Mary Poppins all the way from the rooftops of London to a steeplechase on merry-go-round horses. Such antics gain the rapt attention of Jane (Karen Dotrice) and Michael (Matthew Garber) who giggle in stunned awe as their messy nursery cleans itself up, or as they are whooshed up the chimney to join Mary and Bert for a dance on the rooftops.

No doubt this is one of the best family films of the season. Mr. Banks (David Tomlinson), who expects his bedroom slippers and sherry promptly at 6:01 every evening, seems to have never learned about the mysteries of kite flying or running away from home. Mrs. Banks (Glynis Johns), so busy with fighting for the rights of women, has forgotten the rights of her children. Neither of them is mean; they just don't understand. But Mary Poppins changes all of this.

One day the children go off to the bank with their father. Michael wants to spend his tuppence on crumbs for the birds; father wants the money invested in the bank.





At St. Paul's Cathedral an old birdwoman waits for the people to buy crumbs.

Mary Poppins and Bert take the children into a disneyland of fantasy and fun.



The clash of the adult world with that of the children is loud. Tuppence for a few crumbs from a bird-woman is a far cry from investment in England's greatest industries through the bank. And besides, if you spend it on crumbs it's all gone. In the bank, it multiplies. And that's part of the difference between the two worlds: One lives with half an eye focused on the future; the other lives with both eyes staring at the present moment.

We all move back and forth between the simplicities of childhood and the intricacies of adulthood. "Mary Poppins" gives the kids a chance for their imaginations to run wild. It gives the parents a chance to nostalgically laugh along with the gag. For those of us who are in-between it's hard to know why it has any appeal. Perhaps because we are closest to both worlds and yet not part of either. Certainly this ambivalence is as bittersweet as Mary Poppins herself, and as real as her carpetbag and umbrella.

So in spite of our tendency to scoff at make-believe animals and merry-go-round horses, we have to admit that it brings a smile to remember a certain Mary Poppins who takes off from 17 Cherry Tree Lane for some distant cloud leaving this echo of final proclamation about herself: "Practically perfect people never permit sentiment to muddle their feelings." "Mary Poppins" is, indeed, practically perfect even if some sentiment has muddled the feelings.

—JOAN HEMENWAY



LET'S GO FLY A KITE

With tuppence for paper and strings,
You can have your own set of wings;
With your feet on the ground, you're a bird in flight
With your fist holding tight to the string of your kite.
And it flying up there, all at once you're lighter than air;
You can dance on the breeze over houses and trees
With your fist holding tight to the string of your kite.
Oh! Let's go fly a kite up to the highest height!
Let's go fly and send it soaring
Up through the atmosphere, up where the air is clear.
Oh, let's go fly a kite!

Mr. and Mrs. Banks discover the magic of flying a kite in the park.



We ask you to hear us, God.

That you will turn us from mere observance of social propriety and polite forms of outward acceptance marked by evasion of truth, so that we may experience a breaking-open of life together, and a mutual coming together in newness of life where we relate in community rather than meet in organization,

We ask you to hear us, God.

That you will look with mercy upon us who are closer together than ever before in our technically-induced togetherness, yet are farther apart from one another in charity, compassion, a sense of mutual responsibility, and an understanding of one another's efforts at communication,

We ask you to hear us, God.

That you will teach us to look into another human face and see, neither white nor black, red nor yellow, but the face of a human being, the face of a person and a child of God, created by God in the very image of God,

We ask you to hear us, God.

That you will gird us for the battle we must do against indifference and static apathy, speaking through our actions and lives when issues are no longer intelligibly discussed and words have lost their meaning, giving us light to penetrate our prejudices and delusions,

We ask you to hear us, God.